

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. II.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1813.

[NO. 8.

The Intelligent Traveller; OR, HUMAN NATURE DISPLAYED. (Continued.)

"THE attached wife of the gallant Mordant, finding herself unable to repose, desired her attendant to fetch her writing-desk into the room, and, after imploring Heaven to protect the object of her affection, seated herself, and began a letter to her father. Her imagination, during this filial employment, had several times suggested that a something moved in the room; but conceive, if possible, what must have been her sensations at hearing a man cough under her bed. By an instinctive impulse she suddenly snatched up a pen-knife, and at the same moment attempted to reach the bell; but her arm was rudely seized by the vile desider of common decency, who forcibly endeavoured to drag her towards the bed, terrifying her at the same time by the appalling assurance that all resistance would be vain, and imploring her not to compel him to use violence, but offering her a settlement of two thousand a year, if she would voluntarily yield. What her replies were to this insulting proposition we may imagine, from the melancholy catastrophe which ensued; for upon finding persuasion and remonstrance could not shield her from pollution, she buried the knife, which she had concealed, in her spotless heart!

"Appalled by the sight of the crimson current, or struck by Omnipotence with terror and remorse, Lord C.—instantly rouzed the domestics, pretending he had perceived a sable depredator enter the house, and had quickly followed him, though not in time to prevent his attempt to deprive their mistress of life.

As Eliza did not contradict this artful fabrication, it was credited by all the servants, except her own *Abigail*, who was too well aware of the motive which induced his lordship to enter her master's house. Servants were dispatched in every direction to arrest the footsteps of the depredator, and others sent for a-surgeon, who arrived within the space of half an hour. During that period the current of life continued flowing, and the amiable Eliza, finding death fast approach, as soon as the wound was bound up, called for pen, ink, and paper, for the purpose of making a last request to the beloved of her heart.

"Never would poor Mordant part with this dear and valued relick, but a copy of it he sent to me." As Mr. Middleton said this, he drew a piece of paper from his pocket, which from the discoloured appearance of the ink, had been written many years, and giving it to his daughter, desired her to read it to me.

"It is the will of Heaven, my beloved husband, that we never should again have the happiness of meeting in this world; yet, in a future one, I trust, we shall be *reunited*, never, never to part again! I am faint, languid and exhausted! May the Almighty pardon an involuntary

crime! Yet could I, my beloved Charles, support the idea of *losing* that *virtue* which was the only *treasure* you *possessed* in your wife? Yet with my last breath I implore you to let Heaven punish the wretch who would have tarnished my honour, and ruined my peace of mind. I was in his power, my beloved husband; even my servants had been corrupted, and what resource had I but to seize the fatal knife? Fatal did I say? Let me recall the expression; it was the instrumental preservation of my honour and your peace; for would you not have despised your Eliza, contaminated by an illicit embrace?

"My head turns round! my heart palpitates! Oh! could I have the supreme happiness of knowing you would close my eyes! Yet at this moment I may be a *widow*!—there is madness in the idea! for who, in that case, would foster and protect our darling child? To the care of a beneficent Providence I will intrust her; but if Heaven in mercy spares your valued life, impress upon her ductile mind *religious* principles, and never, oh, never! suffer her to quit your parental roof. Teach her, my adored husband, to love the memory of her ill-fated mother; but carefully preserve the secret cause of that mother's death, lest *suicide* should appear in her eyes a *virtue*, rather than a *crime* of the *deepest die*. Yet that gracious Power, who knows the dreadful state I was reduced to, will, I trust pardon an *unintentional*—"

"Here, Sir, this affecting epistle closes," said Louisa, wiping the tear of sympathy from her beauteous eyes. "Yes," rejoined Mr. Middleton, "the hand of death prevented the unfortunate victim of an illicit passion, from concluding her affecting letter. It seemed however, as if the judgment of Heaven pursued the intended destroyer of innocence; for, upon quitting the unfortunate Eliza's house, the horse on which he rode became restive, and threw him with violence against the pillar of a gentleman's house, by which accident his skull was fractured, and he only survived a few hours.

"If an accident of so serious a nature can deserve the term of *fortunate*, it doubtless is applicable in this case; for had the indirect destroyer of Eliza's life remained in existence, the vengeance of Mordant would have pursued him to the furthermost part of the globe. Providence, however, in mercy, ordained it otherwise. But how shall I find language to paint the feelings of my unfortunate friend, upon returning to his home, crowned with honours, the reward of valour, to find that the object whose praise was more gratifying than the applause of multitudes, was numbered with the silent dead.

"The double duty he had to perform, at length roused him to exertion; but scarcely did he resolve to fulfil the wishes of his lost Eliza; and though the duty of his profession compelled him frequently to remove from his station, he was always accompanied by the pledge of their mutual love. The same packet which brought me a copy of the expiring Eliza's letter, inclosed one from her widowed husband, imploring me to procure a governess for his little girl; and

I was fortunate enough to be introduced to a lady perfectly calculated for the important office. Under this lady's care Eliza Mordant has now been thirteen years; and from the letters of her recently deceased father, I have every reason to believe she has most faithfully fulfilled the trust reposed. My friend had not only risen to the rank of colonel, but had amassed a fortune sufficient to enable him to live in a luxurious style, and had arranged all his plans to quit India, when he was seized with a liver complaint which baffled the skill of his physicians, and terminated his valuable life.

"Fully aware of his situation, to my care and protection he intrusted his beloved child, who, with her respected governess, arrived in the last fleet, and we are now going to welcome them to Albion's hospitable shore." As Mr. Middleton closed his interesting narrative, the postilion, with a crack of his whip, whirled the carriage into the gates of the *George*, and at the same moment my ears were shocked by a most affecting shriek, and "My child is killed!" was vociferated by a young woman, who was almost crushed to the wall by the rapid movement of the chaise.

"In mercy stop! exclaimed the terrified Louisa, throwing her person nearly out of the carriage. The mischief, however, was done; and one of the hostlers drew a boy of about three years old from under the wheels. Though our feelings had already received a severe shock, yet it was trifling in comparison to what we suffered at beholding the violence of the mother of this child's grief; for her shrieks were so violent, that for several days they seemed to reverberate upon my ears.

Fortunately a medical gentleman lived within a few doors of the *George*, and upon examining the child, (who actually appeared *lifeless*), he declared that no bones were broke, and that the insensibility under which he laboured would be removed by the loss of a little blood. The frantic mother, however, paid little attention to this assertion; but in the most piteous accents continued bewailing the loss of her child, who, to the delight of all present, in a few minutes opened his eyes.

The sudden transition from acute anguish to extatic pleasure, which the mother of the restored little fellow displayed, could only be described by the immortal pen of a Fielding, and therefore I shall leave it to my reader's imagination. Upon a transient glance her features appeared familiar to me; but upon raising her expressive eyes, (beaming with gratitude), to my face, I discovered the well known countenance of one of my late mother's waiting maids, with whom I had discovered a near relation, about four years back, had carried on an intrigue and decoyed from her place.

"Good God, Lucy, how came you in this part of the country?" I unguardedly exclaimed in a tone of surprise.

"The regiment to which my husband belongs is quartered in this neighbourhood, Sir" replied the fair one, apparently much disconcerted by the inquiry. The amiable Louisa

perceiving the young woman's confusion, gave me a look never to be forgotten; for it seemed to convey a doubt of the rectitude of my principles, and a suspicion of my having been too intimately acquainted with the ill-fated girl; and turning to her father, she said something in a low voice to him, and both instantly quitted the room. To have undeservedly lost the good opinion of this paragon of purity, gave an indescribable sensation of sorrow to my heart; however, conscious rectitude soon gave a different turn to my feelings, and I again demanded what motive had induced her to reside in that part of the world.

Plans of seduction are generally conducted upon a progress so completely similar, that my readers would find little novelty was I to take the trouble of relating poor Lucy's unvarnished tale; for the captain (my libertine relation) having become attached to another female, he gave the sergeant of the regiment fifty pounds to take her off his hands, and as one false step generally leads to another, I found she was still living in a state of prostitution.

The shade of my respected mother seemed to rise up before me, as I listened to the poor girl's recital, and say, "If you have a spark of humanity in your bosom, rescue this unfortunate being from depravity and vice." I instantly enquired whether she was attached to the sergeant, and being answered by the affirmative, demanded why they had not married? The reply was, that he had dependance upon a father, who was anxious to unite him to the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, who promised to give her three hundred pounds.

"Has not Providence," (said I, mentally), "endowed me with independance, for the purpose of contributing to the happiness of my fellow creatures? and was not this girl amiable and virtuous, until my dissipated cousin allured her into the paths of vice? how can I dispose of three hundred pounds better than by bestowing it as a dowry, and making her an honest man's wife?"

My heart instantly applauded the idea. I requested her to inform the sergeant I wished to speak with him, promising to watch the little fellow, who had fallen into a composed slumber, until her return. The sight of Mr. Middleton's trunks fastening to a carriage already harnessed, quickly induced me to resign my post to a chambermaid, and enquiring for the room in which my fellow travellers had taken sanctuary, I was conducted by the waiter into the apartment.

(To be continued.)

ALDRUDE,

COUNTESS OF BERTINORO, IN ROMAGNE.
From Mrs. Pilkington's "Memoirs of Celebrated Women."

THIS accomplished and amiable lady has been highly celebrated by Italian writers, for the loveliness of her person, the courtesy of her manners, and the superiority of understanding which she possessed. Her fortune was princely, her munificence extensive, and she was universally beloved and admired; but the circumstance which particularly handed her name down to posterity is the military ardor which glowed in her breast. Anconia, a city seated upon the Adriatic ocean, was in the year 1167 besieged; and though the inhabitants bravely repelled the attacks of their enemies, yet famine reduced them to the utmost dis-

tress. As the port was blockaded, no hopes of succour could be entertained. In this situation they determined to apply to William, son of Marchetto Degh Adelarde, for relief; and three of their nobles contrived to elude the vigilance of their enemies, and reached Ferrara in a small ship. William generously consented to afford them the succour they demanded, and hastened into Lombardy to assemble his troops; but advised them likewise to implore the aid of the Countess de Bertinoro, who had a large body of troops at her command. Moved with compassion for the unfortunate Anconians, the amiable countess promised the assistance which they requested, and assembling her forces, united them with those of William. When they arrived near Anconia, she addressed them in the following words:—"Fortified and encouraged by the favour of heaven, I have, contrary to the custom of my sex, determined to address you in a plain exhortation; which though it may not be flattering to your ear, may serve to rouse the vigour of your minds. I solemnly swear to you, that on the present occasion no view of interest, no dreams of ambition, have impelled me to succour the besieged. Since the death of my husband, though plunged in sorrow, I have found myself undisputed mistress of his domains. The preservation of my extensive possessions, to which my wishes are limited, afford, for my sex and capacity, a sufficient occupation of my time: but the perils which encompass the wretched Anconians, united to the prayers and tears of the women, appeal to humanity for aid! To relieve a people consumed by famine, exhausted by resistance, and exposed to innumerable calamities, I have left my dominions, accompanied by my son, who, though a little child, recalls to my remembrance the great soul of his father, by whom the wretched were protected, and the afflicted redressed!—And you, warriors of Lombardy, and Romania, not less illustrious for your fidelity to your engagements, than renowned for valour in the field, you, whom the same cause has brought hither, to obey the orders and emulate the example of William Adelarde; who, listening only to his generosity and love of freedom, has not scrupled to engage his possessions, his friends, and his vassals, for the deliverance of Anconia—A conduct so generous, so worthy of praise, requires no comment; beneath our sense of it, magnanimity and language fail!—An enterprise so full of glory, has already nearly succeeded; already have you passed through the defiles occupied by the enemy, and pitched your tents in this hostile country. It is now time that the seed which was scattered should bring forth its fruit; it is time to make trial of your strength, and of that valour for which you are distinguished; for courage is relaxed by delay. Let the dawn of day find you under arms, that the sun may illumine the victory promised by the Most High, for your pity to the unfortunate."

This exhortation was received by the soldiery with reiterated bursts of applause; and the Venetians, alarmed at the united forces which had assembled for the relief of the Anconians, thought it most prudent to make a retreat. To what period the life of this amiable woman was extended, the biographer, who gives the preceding account, does not relate; but the date of her birth, and the exact time when she closed her existence, are uninteresting, when compared with her superior abilities and worth.

ON WAR.

IT puzzles the faculties to conjecture what can influence the ruling men of all nations to delight in war; there appears in it a charm that compensates the toil and pain of all its votaries; the tears of humanity are unheeded, the shrieks of distress are unheard, the widow'd mother and her orphan children are unpitied, and the sweet voice of peace is overpowered by the shouts of conquest, and the yell of murder!

Were such men to reflect, that when the *Demon of War*, gives a signal for battle, and is brandishing his bloody sword, he leads his fierce hirelings to the slaughter of unoffending men, who are perhaps, destitute of any motive of resentment, or desire of revenge—And could we survey the soldier writhing in his wounds, his mangled face besmeared with gore:—could his groans be heard when he breathed his last—did we behold unsatiated slaughter still stalking over the ensanguined field thirsting for more victims to glut his rage;—should we not involuntarily exclaim, Great God! why dost thou suffer such horrible calamity, such dreadful desolation? Is it possible that all men were created by thy hand, that thus with savage fury mankind destroy their fellow men, the noblest of thy works? But the ways of Heaven are unsearchable, and finite beings limited in understanding.—The slaves of passion, the bigots of opinion, of pride, avarice, and ambition, cannot presume to question the plans of that Providence whose power is omnipotent—whose wisdom is unerring—whose decrees are unchangeable. Yet our feelings for suffering humanity cannot, nor ought they to be suppressed.

It is the duty of every man, as far as the sphere of his influence reaches, to eradicate such sentiments from the mind, to convince the understanding that war is repugnant to the precepts of our religion; that it is a violation of the law of nature; that if we consult our feelings we shall find them invariably revolt at the idea of death.

Who does not feel the painful sensation of blood curdling at even crushing to death an insect, or a reptile? And should the image of the Deity then be so wantonly, so profusely destroyed?—Unnatural thought!—Already have too many millions of men been sacrificed at this demon's shrine? What can atone for the distracting agitation of that man's mind who is torn from the soft bosom of domestic joy, from those dear native scenes where all around was melody and peace? What compensation can thousands of families receive for all the hardships they are obliged to suffer? Trade being suspended, the pillars of their families have been necessitated to join the legions of their country, and perhaps forced for ever by the destroying sword from the sight of those for whom they toiled, and from whom they received reciprocal and endearing affection.

Were those who are ambitious of their country's renown one moment to reflect, that it must be purchased by the sufferings and the death of thousands—were they to picture to themselves what hardships (even if life is spared) soldiers and seamen experience in war, they would hesitate to be advocates for wars of conquest.

Those who are housed from the inclemencies of weather, remote from danger, unharassed by fatigue may, without fear, fight their woundless battles, but they know not the

anguish of those men whose bosoms are exposed to the severity of every storm, who often stand half-immersed in water shivering in the trenches, sometimes forced to lie down on the cold ground, when exhausted nature urges them to sleep, whilst the noble and the wealthy cots are reposing in soft luxuriance on their downy beds.

To a reflecting mind it is particularly astonishing that when men are conversing on this general topic with animation, they can forget the associated ideas of carnage and destruction. What exultation sparkles in their eyes when victory is announced! A health to the brave conqueror is vociferated—the cannon's thundering voice resounds—the streets glow with brilliant illuminations—shouts of joy disturb the serenity of night. Poor thoughtless beings! instead of exhibiting tokens of such extravagant joy, or pouring forth such intoxicating libations to the "rosy god," rather run, if ye are patriots indeed, and pour the balm of ease into the bosom of those groaning with anguish. Oh! by your kindness may they again behold their fond wives, their little children, and their aged parents. Give with liberal hand your treasures to meliorate their situations in the hospital, wait not for edicts, but obey the dictates of compassion, and reward as far as you are able the defenders of your possessions. Ah! that they only bled in defending of your just possessions; in such a cause, perish the man who would not fly with ardour to the battle. Death would be glorious even if victory was not the prize.

Variety.

SWIFT'S DIRECTIONS FOR PLAYERS.

TO dine out when you are going to play, is thought wrong, but foolishly so, unless there is some other objection besides that of getting drunk. Recollect that you are in England. The audience is English, and the greater part will have a fellow feeling for you. Some two or three sober blockheads may hiss, but you'll benefit by this, for it will bring down all your friends. When you *can't speak*, and they hiss, don't leave the stage, but *make a speech*. Press your hand to your heart, turn up your eyes, and give them to understand that it is grief and not liquor, and you have them at once. If you feel hurt, (as you ought, and indignant too,) at their disapprobation, when you quit the scene, drink more.

In singing, never mind the music—observe what time you please. It would be a pretty degradation indeed, if you were obliged to confine your genius to the dull regularity of a fiddler—*'horse hairs and cat's guts'*—no, let him keep your time, and play your tune.—Dodge him.

CHARLES XII. AND ARCHIMEDES

WERE very different men, yet both in similar circumstances gave similar proofs of their uncommon power of abstracting their attention. "What has the bomb to do with what you are writing to Sweden?" said the hero to his pale secretary, when a bomb burst through the roof of his apartment, and he continued to dictate his letter. Archimedes went on with his demonstration in the midst of a siege, and when a brutal soldier entered with a drawn sword, the philosopher only begged he might solve his beloved problem before he was put to death.

DYING ADVICE.

GIOVANNI de Medici, the great grandfather of Lorenzo de Medici, thus charged his two sons, Cosmo and Lorenzo, on his death bed:—"I feel," said he, "that I have lived the time prescribed me. I die content—leaving you, my sons, in affluence and health, and in such a station that, whilst you follow my example, you may live in your native place honoured and respected. Nothing affords me more pleasure than the reflection, that my conduct has not given offence to any one; but that, on the contrary, I have endeavoured to serve all persons to the best of my abilities. I advise you to do the same. With respect to the honours of the state, if you would live with security, accept only such as are bestowed on you by the laws, and the favor of your fellow citizens; for it is the exercise of that power which is obtained by violence, and not of that which is voluntary given, that occasions hatred and contention."

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1813.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

London papers to the 23d of April have been received at Boston, which announce more Russian successes over the French. The campaign opened favorably, it is said, to the Russians and Prussians, on the 5th of April, in a battle fought in the neighbourhood of Berlin: in which the French are said to have lost three thousand men in killed, wounded and prisoners.

The king of Saxony is said to have withdrawn his troops from the French army.

The first division of Swedish troops had arrived on the Elbe; and Bernadotte with more was shortly expected.

The captain of a vessel, arrived a few days ago at Boston from Gottenburgh reports, that Bonaparte was collecting his legions—that 100,000 Frenchmen had arrived at Berlin; 100,000 more at Leipsic, and about the same number at Dresden; at which latter place Bonaparte was about the middle of April.

On the other side, we see it mentioned, That the Russian force in Germany is to be augmented to 300,000 men; and that the Senate of Hamburg had received an assurance from the Emperor Alexander that the whole military force of the empire should be employed in restoring the Independence of Germany. Therefore of course it will follow, that thousands more of our species must perish this summer to gratify the ambition of the new kings and princes of Europe, in their rage to establish one Grand Empire under Bonaparte, to rule the world.

Since our last Gen. Dearborne's official letter, relating to the surprize of Generals Chandler and Winder has been published. It states the capture of these two generals by the enemy, and the loss of about 30 men on this occasion: and that the enemy's whole loss was 250, including 60 men belonging to the 49th regt.

The British official account of the above affair, states their loss to be very light, and that they had captured 12 officers, including the two generals, and had taken 5 pieces of artillery.

Subsequent accounts from an American gentleman of intelligence of Ontario county, say, that on the 6th of June, (the day of the surprize) our army retired in great disorder to Fort George, after experiencing a very considerable loss, where it was now concentrated.

A few days ago the account of the unfortunate capture of the Chesapeake came from Halifax via Boston, and states her arrival with the Shannon at that port. In relating the commencement of the action, the Halifax account says, that on the first of June, at half past five in the afternoon the Chesapeake luffed on the Shannon's weather quarter, within pistol shot, and on her foremast coming in a line with the Shannon's mizen,

the latter fired the after gun, and her others successively, until the Chesapeake came directly abreast, when she fired her whole broadside, which the Shannon immediately returned; and here broadside to broadside, the action commenced, in 5 minutes the Chesapeake fell along side the Shannon, and was boarded in her tops as well as on her decks; and that in 11 minutes from the commencement of the action, her colours were struck.

So severe an action of so short continuance, is perhaps not to be found on record—in which 230 fellow beings were either killed or wounded.

It appears the Shannon had her first lieutenant, the purser, the captain's clerk, and 23 seamen killed; capt. Broke, a midshipman and 56 seamen wounded.

The Chesapeake lost her gallant captain, Lawrence, the 4th lieutenant; lieutenant of marines; the master; several petty officers, and about 70 seamen. Among the wounded are the first, second and third lieutenants, four midshipmen, the chaplain, and near 100 seamen.

Capt. Lawrence was wounded at the first broadside by a grape shot in the leg, and afterwards, it is said, by a musket ball through his body, of which wound he died the 4th June, and was buried at Halifax, with every mark of respect, in a military style.

The corpse was landed from the Chesapeake under a discharge of minute guns; the American ensign was spread as a Pall over the coffin, on which was placed the sword of the deceased. Six captains of the navy officiated as Pall Bearers. Six companies of the 64th regiment, commanded by Sir John Wardlow, preceded the corps. The officers of the Chesapeake followed as mourners. The officers of the navy generally attended. Sir Thomas Sumner, the Staff, and officers of the garrison, with a number of respectable inhabitants of the place, closed the procession. The funeral service was performed by the rev. Rector of St. Paul's, and three volleys discharged by the troops over his grave.

It appears that the British at present are masters of Lake Ontario, for they have lately made several captures of small craft, and it is said have taken 500 barrels of provisions and 1700 bushels of corn from the mouth of Genesee river. However, it is expected the appearance of our new frigate the Gen. Pike, on the lake, will shortly restore the balance of power in this quarter.

Except some captures by our privateers, we have but little news this week from sea. The operations of the enemy at New-London, in the Delaware, the Chesapeake, and along the coast, continue much the same.

The celebrated Gen. Moreau, sailed this week in the ship Hannibal from this port bound to Gottenburg. It has been said by some, that the Gen. has gone to oppose his old companion; to rally the French royalists and others that wish peace to the French people.

The debate in Congress on Mr. Webster's resolution, calling for the documents about the French decrees from the President, has passed by a large majority.

Nuptials.

MARRIED,

By the rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. James E. Jenings, aged 28, to Miss Mary Andrews, aged 17, both of this city.

Obituary.

DIED,

Mr. John Smith, merchant of this city.

Mr. William Abbotson, in the 30th year of his age.

Of a decline, Miss Maria Palmer, aged 18 years, daughter of Mr. William Palmer, of Greenwich.

Mr. Israel Dissosway, merchant of this city—a most worthy, useful, and honest citizen.

Lately in this city, Mr. Daniel Cromwell, in the 64th year of his age—formerly a respectable merchant of this city.

At Scarsdale Mrs. Hannah Cornell, in the 51st year of her age.

Lately in New-Orleans, Mr. Evan Jones, aged 76, a native of New-York.

At New-Brunswick, Mr. James I. Margarum, cashier of the State Bank.

At Rhinebeck, Mr. John M. Shatzel, formerly and for many years a respectable inhabitant of this city aged 81 years.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ON THE DEATH OF JAMES LAWRENCE,
Captain of the United States Frigate Chesapeake.

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

MOURN, mourn Columbia ! heave the sigh,
And drop thy bitterest tear ;
Thy son that rear'd thy fame so high,
Will view it from yon azure sky
Oh ! shed it o'er his bier.

Thou emblem of a nation's name !—
Droop, drop thy pliant fold,
And half-suspended, show thy head,
Thy lov'd supporter now is dead,
And in the earth lies cold.

He rais'd thee once in glorious pride,
And struck thy rival low ;
His generous soul is gone—is fled,
Oh ! to his name thy tribute shed,
Thy grateful tribute show.

To combat dared, he did not shrink,
But sought the doubtful fight ;
Yet GOD who guides the lightning's blast,
The dawn of Hope for once o'er cast
And crush'd him with HIS might.

Oh ! LAWRENCE didst thou heave a groan
When Death appear'd so nigh,
Or did thy gallant spirit soar
Far, far, beyond the cannon's roar,
Or didst thou breathe a sigh ?

No, no, thou knew thy country's love
Would not forget thy name,
In Glory's arms thou breath'd thy last ;
This vale of tears to thee was past,
And left thee only FAME.

Yet to thy mourning, widow'd wife
And babes thou'st left below,
A wreath of laurel she shall bear,
Begem'd with many a grateful tear,
And place it on their brow.

Thy generous, noble foe, bestow'd,
What generous souls will give,
The richest sod that e'er will wave
Upon a gallant SAILOR'S grave,
To bid his mem'ry live.

Peace to thee LAWRENCE ! Peace, oh ! peace,
The earth is now thy pillow,
No anxious care shall e'er molest,
Nor Glory's dream disturb thy breast,
Nor thou in Death at length at rest,
E'er hear the raging billow.

C.

MASONIC HYMN,
Composed by the worshipful Brother ABRAM BLAND-
ING, of Charleston, S. C.

THE THREE LIGHTS.

AT Nature's birth, when, with confusion sway'd,
Old Chaos reign'd in shades of deepest night—
"Let there be light!" the Mighty Master said,
And into being sprang the ethereal light.
Hail Nature's light ! its author's name extol !
Our Great Grand-Master, Architect of all !

When from its native dust was made man's frame,
His tender organs taught the breath divine ;
From inspiration, and the heavenly flame,
Reason's dim light shed o'er the human mind.
Then Reason, hail ! its feeble light extol ;
Bless the Grand-Master, Architect of all.

To aid deluded man, and point his way
To the *Grand Lodge* above, where without night,
Eternal sunshine dwells, and endless day,
The sacred Scriptures beam'd their holy light.
Hail, *Revelation* ! its blest gifts extol,
Praise its Great Author, Architect of all.

While the high heavens shall shine with lustre bright,
And man the aid of Reason shall enjoy,
May *Revelation*, with its purer light,
Engross his soul, and lead to realms of joy.
Hail, Reason's light ! yon solar beams extol ;
And *Revelation*, *Heaven's* best gift of all.

When the last trumpet shall with awe proclaim
That yon bright solar ray shall shine no more,
Guided by *Revelation's* holy flame,
May feeble man on *Faith's* bright pinions soar !
Leave this frail Lodge, the labor of his love,
And hail the glories of the *Lodge above*.

ELLEN'S GRAVE.

Thou art fallen, young tree, with all thy beauty
round thee. Thou art fallen on thy plains, and the field
is bare. The winds come from the desert, and there
is no sound in thy leaves.

*Ossian.*Rest in peace, thou beam of light. *Ossian.*

SOFT, soft, be your step, as you tread by yon willow,
For beauty and sorrow repose near its shade ;
Let no burst of pleasure be heard near their pillow,
Nor smile mock the hillock 'neath which they are
laid.

Tho' lowly the hillock, tho' simple th' inscription,
Which tells to the trav'ller—"Here Ellen found rest!"
Of her virtues, tho' no vernal lays give description,
Let mirth's flaunting spirit this dell ne'er molest.

For search o'er the mountain, the vale, or the meadow,
No flow'ret so lovely as Ellen was, blows ;
And, like the sweet vi'let beneath yon shrub's shadow,
To bloom in a modest retirement she chose.

The gay smile of joy fresh attraction might borrow,
From mirth's lovely dimple on Ellen's fair cheek ;
But no dewy tear dimmed the sad eye of sorrow,
Which Ellen's soft pity to dry would not seek.

Tho' in her each virtue and beauty were blended,
They, alas ! form'd the mark for the arrow of grief ;
She loved—was betrayed—and life's happiness ended,
In death's chill embrace from her woes sought relief.

Then soft be your steps, as you tread by yon willow,
And check not the tear to her mem'ry that flows ;
And Ellen's mild spirit shall flit round your pillow,
Acknowledge that tear, and make sweet your repose.

Morality.

FORGIVENESS AND REVENGE.

An Allegory.

(Concluded from our last.)

WHILE *Forgiveness* thus employed herself in the kind offices of humanity, *Revenge*, who was the child of *Enmity*, and grown up to great bulk and strength, set out also to traverse the earth. *Revenge* was of a hideous form ; of black colour ; his eyes inflamed and red, and the sockets, which contained them, of a deep yellow : he trod with a determined step, that measured vast extents of ground, heedless which road he took, and intent only, like the lion, on his prey. *Revenge* was not long before he met *Rudeness*, who treated him with scorn, and pushed him from the path. *Revenge* drew forth his javelin, and thrust with such force, that it would inevitable have destroyed the offender, had it not passed by him, which it did with the velocity of a flash of lightning, and striking against a stone wall, rebounded and fixed itself in the foot of *Revenge*, who sent forth a dreadful yell at the pain it gave him ; in the mean while, *Rudeness* had escaped.

Revenge next met *Cunning*, whom he wished to engage in his service to pursue *Rudeness*. *Cunning* consented to give his assistance, and pretended to show him the nearest road to execute his vengeance, for which he was paid by *Revenge*, at every two or three steps, until at length he got him into a quagmire, where he left him ; and seeking out *Rudeness* obtained more money from him, to show him the road to escape *Revenge*.

Revenge was some time before he extricated himself, when he pursued *Cunning* as fast as his wound would permit ; but that mischievous fiend only harassed and fatigued him in his pursuit, till, out of breath and exhausted, *Revenge* sought *Repose* ; but in vain, his mind being still occupied with schemes of vengeance.

Revenge had now some better cause for his thirst after punishment : the seducer had spoiled his sister *Pride*, and he sought him with the fury of a lion. He overtook them together, embracing each other. *Revenge* instantly threw his javelin ; but hurled it with such mighty strength, that it passed between the shoulders of the seducer, into the bosom of his own sister, at the very instant when the kiss of *Atonement* had been given to the injured fair one, and the ring placed on her finger.

Revenge groaned dreadfully, and, maddening with rage, sallied forth, seeking some fresh object ; the fever of his imagination caused him to resent the most accidental negligences and inadvertencies, making every thing a crime.

Revenge was in this restless and unhappy state, when he met by chance with *Charity* and *Forgiveness*, who endeavoured, by pouring into his wounds the precious balm which they had to bestow, to alleviate his sufferings. For a while, *Revenge* was lulled to rest by its delightful influence ; and when he parted with them, he took a portion of it from the lap of *Forgiveness* ; but the quantity was so small that it lasted him but a short way on his journey, and he had but little to spare to others. Thus *Charity* and *Forgiveness* still continue to bless mankind ; and *Revenge* to molest and destroy ; *Charity* and *Forgiveness* still continue in sweet health and peace ; and *Revenge* in constant atrophy of body and mind.

Inecdote.

A learned gentleman, who in the course of conversation wished to inform us that the counsel upon the circuit at Shrewsbury were much bitten by fleas, took, I suppose seven or eight minutes in relating it circumstantially. He in a plentitude of phrase told us, that large bales of woollen cloth were lodged in the town-hall, that by reason of this, fleas nestled there in prodigious numbers ; that the lodgings of the counsel were near the town hall ; and that those little animals moved from place to place with wonderful agility. Johnson sat in great impatience till the gentleman had finished his tedious narrative, and then burst out (playfully however,) It is a pity, sir, that you have not seen a lion ; for a flea has taken you such a time that a lion must have served you a twelve month.'

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